



#4 for
the fall

\$2



C U P S I Z E

key chain sized life

middle america discovers bisexuality

exhibitionist co-workers

I prefer my public education

how I came to terms with my tweezers

the spell of synchronicity

puzzling through the peep show

learn how to join Generation P!

rock music

Mad Libs!

Hello from the hottest day of the summer, New York City. It's been one year since our scrappy, fledgling Cupsize #1 hit Ave A. Time to celebrate our first birthday. OK, reader, take a deep breath and blow out the candles. Make a wish on #4.

After issue #3, we swore that Cupsize #4 would be lighter fare. This issue finds Emelye doing less soul-searching and more knee-slapping, not that they're mutually exclusive. Neither are bi and chic, as you'll soon learn from Sasha. Some weird things and some cool stuff has happened this year because of Cupsize. The weird: talking to the mainstream press and starring in an episode of ZINE TV. The cool: participating in panels during Women's history month at Barnard and SUNY Binghamton and trading and corresponding with zinesters across the land. (Thanks for your letters!) We've been asked to classify Cupsize and we've even tried to understand it ourselves: grrrlzine, feminist zine, personal zine, indie

music authority, invertebrate, mollusk?

All of these and more, but at the core, it's about us, two young women on the cusp of graduation with a lot on our minds and a chronic condition called article-revision obsession. Don't tell us about any typos. We might kill ourselves. Break to Sasha: I am chugging along on the last thirty pages of my thesis and I don't see the end in sight. Cupsize readers, take me away! I mean it. Break to Emelye: That's Tara Emelye. It's taken a year, but I finally feel ready to be on a first-name plus pen-name basis. I'll still be signing my stuff with "E" but just be assured, there ain't no third Cupsize. Any reference to Tara is a reference to me. We shall achieve name integration yet!

from Sasha:

Thanks to Becca and Molly for photos, and thanks to Jen and Robert for research help.

from Tara

Emelye:

Thanks to me parents for letting us camp in and work on this.

Cupsize is fun. Zines are fun. Go fellow zine writers. Cut and paste! Bulk mail! Postage stamps and recycled envelopes! The zine world is especially comforting in this, the dawn of the technological apocalypse.

It's a lot of Cupsize, but someone's gotta read it. That means you. Have fun and K.I.T!

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Stonybrook, NY
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letters to us: the cupsize family



Dear Sasha and Emelye,
I hope my letter doesn't disturb anything going on. I mean, you two might be in a warm, passionate embrace and I certainly wouldn't want to interfere. Do you two have a relationship or do you see other people? *Do you two ladies have a zine out? Tell me about it.* (emphasis ours). If you want, I could send you lesbian pictures that I've cut out of magazines. I've collected a ton of them. Take care of yourselves, stay clean and hope to hear from ya.
Sincerely yours,
Gamma
ed.: Gamma, you and cupsize are not on the same wavelength.

Dear Cupsize,

I would like to express to you the joy reading Cupsize brings to my life, each time I read it-it literally brightens my day. The first time I read Cupsize my laughter was so great that I even received a chiding from a passerby who told me, "AJ, you chuckle too much!" "There is much to chuckle about," I replied as I considered, among other things, my delightful copy of Cupsize #3. --
AJ

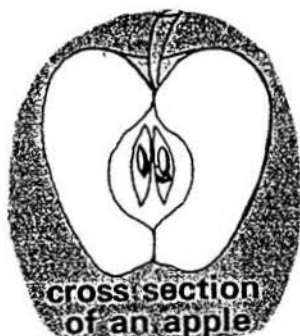
in new york, you can usually find cupsize at see hear, adult crash, kim's underground, second coming, shakespeare & co. books and ink. if you'd like to sell csze at your store or distribute for us, don't hesitate to contact our HQ.

Dear Sasha and Emelye,
I love Cupsize!! The two of you RULE! Sasha-your story about wisdom teeth really hit home. When I was in 9th grade, I had mine taken out and a piece of tooth plaster got stuck in one of those holes. And no one believed me! I kept telling everyone I was rotting and had death breath. I ate like 10,000 certs. Finally my doctor gave me a little plastic syringe and I flushed the plaster out. But I found it really mortifying. And I'm glad you wrote about it because I think it needs to be talked about more.

The thing I find really interesting about RG is it seems like it is one of the first things girls created that boys really wanted and couldn't get. In Austin, there is this group of boys who really like grrrl music and they want so badly to be a part of it, but they can't. Love, Kristen

--April
note: Happily, said bi history article was reprinted in four different zines! the times, maybe they're a changin'. Check out Marjorie Garber's Vice Versa if you'd like to research figures who lived bisexual lives.





it's heaven when
you get inside.



Molly and I survey
the offerings.



oranges are not the only fruit

Yes, there are others, thank you Jeannette Winterson, but there is something singularly delectable and refreshing about a sweet, juicy orange. The only trouble is that I find it so difficult to fish out the luscious oranges from the dry and stringy ones. My earn-run ratio on picking good citrus fruit got so low that I almost entirely gave up on oranges. Why waste the money, the time and energy doing the peeling, only to be disappointed by a shriveled broken promise of the fruit I was hoping to eat?

It seemed that the only oranges that tasted good were the ones my friends and acquaintances would eat...only others had the fortune to find quality Sunkist or valencia. But was it good luck or was it skill? Maybe I had been absent for some essential pre-school class on selecting a decent orange. Once again my friend Molly came to the rescue. For this reason, the fruit page is dedicated to her.

Molly explained that I needed to pick out smaller oranges, and that the skin should be thinner rather than harder. Mistaken me, I had wrongly assumed the bigger the better and that a tough skin meant a healthy orange! Granted I don't bat one hundred even now, but I certainly am far more likely to be satisfied with my selections. S

appleskin and intimidation

There's nothing like chomping into the juicy flesh of a crisp apple, but I tell you, getting there is just no picnic. I can't tell you how many times I've let an apple rot on my shelf because I was too afraid to take the first bite. Sometimes I look at the gleaming green skin of a Granny Smith and the challenge of excavating the inside overwhelms me. Just looking at an unbroken apple tires my eyes, my teeth, my jaw. I cannot bring myself to take the first bith of an apple.

I have one friend, Molly, who has been understanding enough to take the first bite for me. But I can't always rely on her. My fantasy would be to hire a personal assistant who would be at my beck and call to take the first bite for me. Or perhaps I could invent a contraption that would take a bite-size chunk out of the apple.

You know, I really do believe that apples can keep the doctor away. They're a rigorous fruit, a regular workout! After I conquer one, I always feel healthier and more capable. It's the sense of accomplishment that accompanies a chewed core. S



SYNCHRONICITY



Many parts of my life came to a head over Spring Break in the form of an invitation to see the screening of *The Young Ones* on Comedy Central in NYC. The invitation was sent to Cupsize, and how exactly we procured the invite (perhaps an intern at C. Central is a Cupsize fan and added us to the mailing list? go subversive Cupsize readers!) is still a mystery to me, but all our zine labors had proven fruitful when I saw the envelope with the embossed Comedy Central logo on it and Cupsize typed out on a label. How was that connection ever made? I'll check in with *Elastica* on that one, but meanwhile here is my take on the situation.

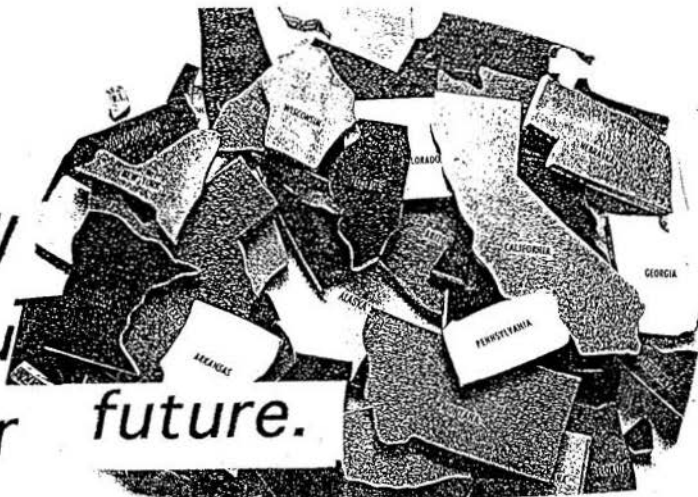
The synchronicity put a palpable but subtle spell on my life for a week; a combination of anticipation, a general buzzing and ringing in the air, a sense of purpose, and destiny. There are three components to this Synchronicity-oddly enough, they are **The Brady Bunch**, **The Young Ones**, and **Comedy Central**. In tenth grade, I attended a taping of the now defunct MTV gameshow *Remote Control*. At the same time the show was playing, *The Young Ones* had been canceled from MTV. So my friend and I brought a sign with us that read "Bring Back the Young Ones" which got on the air in an audience shot before commercial. So on-camera is me at the height of my teen goth stage- blunt bobbed hair and black cat eyeliner. The day was significant because it was one of the first times I ever publicly signed my name emily (that's how I spelled it then), after being nicknamed by my friends. To top it off, the guest contestants on the show were the grown Brady Kids! Bonus! It was Greg and Jan and Cindy.



This Spring, Comedy Central picked up the *Young Ones* and this coincided with the release of the *Brady Movie* and the accompanying hub bub/hype. So just as Brady fever is in the air, MTV gets that *Remote Control* episode out of the tomb and airs it, 6 years later. Result: I'm all over national T.V. at the most crucial teen angst phase holding a sign that says "Bring Back the Young Ones!!!" And then, voila!, an invitation to the screening of *The Young Ones* (which hasn't been aired in America since its cancellation) on Comedy Central (my life-and sustenance of a cable channel) comes right to my door. I felt like the chosen one of some pop culture deliverance. I believed that as I walked through the doors of the club all the blue-blazered Comedy Central intern pages would salute me as their leader, give me knowing glances and drone "We have been waiting." I was a celebrity in the fourth dimension. As it turned out, the screening sucked. Motorhead played. (!) We stuck around long enough for our free drink, but I didn't get whisked away by my true love, or all the amazing things I thought such synchronicity would bring about. It was just strange to have a past time in my life, an identity-building time, punctuated and then integrated with the present. It seemed necessary to search for some meaning in it. But if this is the new spiritual consciousness the Celestine Prophecy beckons us to, I hope it includes better tastes in bands in the future.

wake up, my friends!

your
cynicism will
not protect you
from a nastier future.



I'm guilty, and I have a sneaking suspicion that you may be too. No matter that you don't believe in "the system." There's bad and there's worse, and it looks as though we are heading toward a more menacing future after this past November. Newt Gingrich and the rest of his republican revolutionaries were not elected by a popular mandate. I did not vote last fall and most young people didn't either. We are going to be affected by our collective inability to get to the voting booth. Our options may be limited, but since there's no forecast for mutiny, I think we need to use whatever voice we have, even in a *flawed* "democracy."

Is the revolution coming soon? Don't count on it. There is no organized socialist movement or any other alternative poised to reshape American government. Unless you count Ross Perot, and I think that we can rule him out as a revolutionary battling the likes of corporate capitalism, racism, sexism, and homophobia. That leaves us with reform. Sure, liberal reform efforts don't sound as sexy or exciting as radical promises of monumental change in monumental history, but I think it's criminal to just sit by and watch sixty years of efforts (since the New Deal) to create some modicum of justice in a now (post?) industrialized, capitalist state go through the paper shredders of Republican vigilantes. I don't want to go back in time to three years ago when the gag rule was in effect.¹ I don't want to see Congress forbid federal funds for the use of abortion so that only middle- and upper-class women will have reproductive freedom. And I don't think we have arrived to the mythical America of true equal opportunity where affirmative action would be anachronistic. The California Regents of Education have recently decided that the playing field is altogether level and countless other federal and state agencies will probably soon follow suit.

I am going to list just a few of the potential repercussions of the Republican legislative agenda:

***The Republicans have proposed a 20 BILLION dollar cut in education, which would reduce or eliminate a whole gamut of higher education programs. This July, the House and Senate have passed a 10 billion dollar cut in spending, which will raise the stakes for students attending college by eliminating the six-month grace period on *all* student loans, raising the origination fee for loans, and for graduate students, an elimination of the interest exemption. Originally, the Republicans had hoped to eliminate the interest exemption for all students. A lobby group calculated that if an undergrad student took out the maximum of \$17,125, she would owe an extra \$8,000 as a result of the interest exemption elimination. Clinton had actually implemented a direct-loan program that cut out the "middle-men" and made the whole enterprise less costly and more efficient. The Republicans would like to return to the old system in which banks interceded and made higher profits. Cutting the Stafford loan program will make higher education even more inaccessible than it already is. It wasn't so long ago that anyone could go to CUNY for free...and now the tuition hikes will prevent many students from returning. These cuts will also mean that fewer students will be able to pursue lower-income professions like teaching that because they will have more money in loans to repay. But these cuts are not set in stone, there is time to pressure your representatives because the deadline for final appropriations is Sept 22.



Call your senator or representative and say something to the tune of:

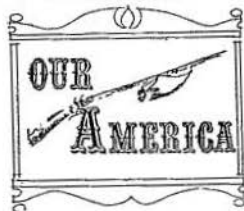
My name is (your name) and I am a student at (your institution) and I am calling you to urge you to vote against the budget resolution because of drastic cuts to the student loan program. I think it is outrageous that the budget contains a \$245 billion tax cut package, while simultaneously slashing \$10 billion in student aid. Students should not be paying for tax cuts for the wealthy. As a voting constituent, I would like to know how the Senator/Representative will vote on this issue. Please send me in writing his/her position so that I can be informed on how he/she voted to save student aid."

I tuned into NEWT RAW on MTV to see what Mr. Gingrich had to say about cutting funding for education. The man in question tried to argue that students should pay for education now, rather than in taxes to the deficit later. First of all, if he is really interested in cutting the deficit in seven years, the biggest expenditures are not to be found in the education budget. And secondly, the Speaker just can't get it through his skull that \$500 a year more in interest is enough to keep a lot of people from higher education!! His argumentation was so cloudy and removed from the everyday realities of most in this country.

***The Republicans in Congress want to completely kill the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting by the year 1997. We already live in a country that supports non-commercial culture much less than other industrialized nations. And the death of the NEH will mean greatly reduced funding for universities and scholarship, which have already been taking a beating. I have one friend who had won a scholarship to a grad program in anthropology at the University of Chicago. Two weeks later, they informed her that the funding had been cut by the federal government and she now has to take out \$30,000 in loans (for one year). The allocations for these programs are minuscule in comparison to the defense budget.

***Gingrich would like to completely kill Americorps, which is one of Clinton's greatest achievements during his term. Americorps funds public service for young people, and has paid for 50% of City Year, a highly successful service program that originated in Boston. Gingrich argues that public service should be completely based on volunteerism. Once again, Mr. Out-of-Touch does not understand that very few people can afford to spend their time volunteering without any compensation. Sure, I'll work for no pay for a year. What a great idea!

I could go on and on. So many programs in education, health care and social services are going to be gone before we even realize they were operating and important. I am horrified almost every time I read the NY Times. I know that Third Wave, a young feminist organization, is doing a voter registration drive this summer, as are other activist groups. Be sure to register if you haven't already. I know that it's really not much fun to peruse the daily paper, but we need to be informed because this coming election year will be absolutely critical if we are to maintain any justice in this country. If you need a ride, call Cupsize, we'll take you there and pal around at the polls. Just be sure to read up and get ready to **vote!** S



whose america?





two generation p-ers share a smile over mac and cheese

Come home to **Generation P**

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT. YOU BELONG TO TEAM P. GENERATION PASTA.

FORGET GENERATION L¹ AND ITS REACTIONARY GENDER CODES! WE ALL KNOW WHAT TRULY DEFINES US A COHESIVE GROUP OF PEOPLE BORN IN THE SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES. PASTA, AND LOTS OF IT. BE IT RAMEN, MACARONI AND CHEESE, OR EVEN ANGEL HAIR, YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FRIENDS ARE EATING. JUST TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THEIR BODIES, THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT WATER AND TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT NOODLES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO JOIN GENERATION P IS SEND CUPSIZE FIVE PROOFS OF PURCHASE FROM THE LAST TEN SPAGHETTI BOXES YOU EMPTIED! THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, A COUPLE OF WEEKS, MAYBE?

LOOK IN ANY TWENTYSOMETHING'S FOOD CABINET AND YOU ARE BOUND TO FIND AT LEAST ONE PASTA PRODUCT. AND I KEEP HEARING THAT THE THIRTEENTH GENERATION'S PICKUP PLACE OF THE MOMENT IS THE PASTA AISLE IN THE LOCAL SUPERMARKET. I'VE HAD PARTICULARLY GOOD LUCK IN FRONT OF THE PRINCE SPAGHETTI DISPLAY. CERTAINLY THE BOOMERS BOILED THEIR SHARE OF SPAGHETTI DISHES, BUT THEY QUICKLY ABANDONED MINIMALIST PASTA FOR FANCY TORTELLINI AND DESIGNER LASAGNA. THAT DOES NOT COUNT. YOU MUST SUFFER THROUGH CHEAP AND MONOTONOUS MEALS TO BELONG TO GENERATION P.

WE ARE A CARBO-RICH LOT, MANY OF US REFUSING A DIET OF MEAT AND POTATOES. SOME OF US ARE VEGETARIAN, MOST OF US POOR. SOME OF US ARE LAZY AND OTHERS OF US HAVE PARANOID FEARS ABOUT SALMONELLA IN CHICKEN AND WORMS IN RED MEAT. WE COME TO PASTA FOR MANY DIFFERENT REASONS, BUT WE COME TO THE TABLE TOGETHER AND WE PASS THE PARMESAN/ROMANO CHEESE IN A SHOW OF GENERATIONAL SOLIDARITY.

COME JOIN US, WHY DON'T YOU? SEND IN THOSE PROOFS OF PURCHASE! **S**



the author savors a bowl of pasta



WRONG! high-priced
Contadina does not quality



¹LISA CARVER'S ALTERNATIVE TO GENERATION X. (MS. CARVER PUBLISHES ROLLERDERBY ZINE.) HER REQUIREMENTS TO JOIN SCARE ME. GEN P IS FAR LESS REPRESSIVE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS EAT PASTA THREE TIMES A WEEK.

slapstick life... the private wink and worldview!



There are varying degrees to which slapstick permeates my life. Its legitimate physical stuff- hitting my head, getting my sleeve stuck on a doorknob, mixed in with the situations I semi-create/invite. Still, I feel really accident prone, or, I think I am just finely tuned to the craziness of life, the way our maneuvering through it test us and tease us. I am dead serious about so many things; committed, thinking, and working hard, that I achieve a balance by sometimes tripping through the physical side. But slapstick does not just mean physical comedy. Really it extends to a greater worldview. Its this removal I can sometimes feel when in the midst of a situation. It is certainly a dissociation technique when I am bored, nervous, even lonesome. But more often, I just have a healthily cynical string running through me at all times that I can tap into. I am simultaneously active and watching(hello shirley MacClain) It does not decrease the meaning of these times, rather, it makes me realize that the strangest and maybe even most discomforting situations are weaving themselves into my patchwork life. I reflect on them immediately, savor the ironic and the awful, and often find the good in what would on the outside appear annoying and frustrating. I often feel like I am starring in some zany sitcom- its a spin on Molly Dodd, Mary Tyler Moore, and Jane Curtin has consulted on it.

My boss' son(see p.27 is where I draw the line on slapstick. I am certainly not beyond sound judgment. When I come up against sexism or just narrow-minded assholes, slapstick stops and you might even say I have no sense of humour. Too Bad. I have a strange control over it. I can gauge how intense my predicament gets and my ability to put the breaks on it them when they become life-threatening or even worse, truly embarrassing.

Sometimes I question whether I indulge in the slapstick life as a new spin on class-clown. But upon further inspection, I realize these situations occur mostly when I am alone. 80% of the time, I am the only one in on the joke. Its no public display, its my private wink to myself in the midst of the crazy. A common one is that I am a crooner magnet. Boys of all musical tastes with guitars like to sing to me or in front of me. I have never known what to do in this situation. Eye contact is not an option. And I must confess, by this point I get some sorta pleasure out of it, albeit it is entirely masochistic in nature, and aided heavily by the force of slapstick.

Another recent predicament involved temp work at a gallery . The assistant who trained me set the stage for some mayhem when she informed me that the intercom and the phone sound exactly alike when they ring so it will take awhile before you know which is which. You can probly envision the "hello, can I help you" antics that ensued so I won't go into details. That day was filled with slapstick, from having to fake my way through nyc art interpretations of the pieces of yarn on the wall(the exhibit) to convincing a visiting gallery owner from germany that there in fact was an exhibit at all as he failed to even see the admittedly barely visible yarn art with the very eye-catching price tags. Bringing the day to a close, in the stairwell of sasha's apartment building I spied a fresh banana peel on the floor waiting to send someone flying. I picked it up and threw it out to save anyone some real slapstick damage..

Slapstick is in the air. It is a force to be reckoned with. Whenever something wacky happens with my friends, we always shout, "slapstick life!" And fuck bimbo images. Its just one more way the patriarchy has tried to disarm us of our innate pleasures. Slapstick is the smart girl's way to snicker at life when no one knows it. Unite, molly dodd protoge's of the world!

We're having more fun than they'll ever know!!!



girl in disguise

working for mom and pop

faith and devotion

In America

BOB HERBERT

The next time you pick up a safari jacket at Banana Republic, or a pair of jeans at the Gap, or an Eddie Bauer T-shirt, give a moment's thought to girls like Claudia Molina and Judith Viera, teen-agers who have had to work under extremely cruel conditions to produce much of that clothing.

Until recently, Ms. Molina and Ms. Viera were maquiladora workers — young people employed by the hundreds of thousands in free-trade-zone factories in Central America and the Caribbean to make goods for the American market. The U.S. companies that benefit from the near-enslavement of these workers pretend not to know about the abuses in the factories, which are independently owned.

i have worked for a few small and locally owned businesses including restaurants, a photo lab, and even art galleries. these are not career moves, they are the money-earners that get records and a balance in my savings accounts and some car insurance. coming from a job history that has scraped to some dignity lows, i note a clear difference between working for a mega-chain and a mom and pop business of sorts. the latter is of course better. but i am not just picking them as the lesser of two evils. as an employee, i have experienced a sense of dedication and motivation in response to the unique atmospheres of small businesses.

in our world of brain-washing media and k-mart complexes, its revitalizing to work someplace where what you see is what you get: there is no ominous head honcho in some remote city far away. no warehouse 40 miles off the expressway where supplies are stacked.

elements of faith and devotion

at a mom and pop business each person does the most important and the most menial tasks. and the rewards of your labor are immediate. you know the clientele, and more importantly, you might even have human contact with the most high-up, i.e. mom or pop. your existence is not watered down through a rote application form, time card, and motivational posters. there is nothing creepier than an employee break room in a department store. void of any individual flare, it has some awards ceremony picture from 1983 on the wall with photos of no one you recognize with titles like "chair of the blah blah." these actively kill morale. since a department store was my first real p-time job, it set the tone for what i thought work was like. at a family-run business, i was struck by how hard everyone worked. you find yourself caught up in a strange comradery that acts as motivation. you work harder and there is more time for fun on the job. your goals are not some abstract profit theory rammed down your throat thru threatening notes, but basically the maintenance of the universe contained within the physical space of the operation, including intrigues among employees.

family-run businesses certainly have their particular draw-backs. often you are sucked into the dysfunctions of the family, even though you are not kin. i once had coleslaw knocked out of my hand physically by my diner boss as he raged that i was wasting plastic dixie cups. that certainly borders on the insane, but i prefer a momentary human lapse to the constant anxiety big companies induce through it eerie control mechanisms.

i started getting really absorbed in one job where there were so many crazy scenarios- language barriers, an amateur staff, and zoning code problems, but the small staff worked hard to make it work because that hole in the wall became our universe because it was ours to create.

i realize what i crave in life is commitment to something that brings me satisfaction. this sense of faith and devotion comes in all shapes and sizes; towards individuals, personal pursuits, and even part-time jobs. i say forget the particulars- what gives life its vitality is the underlying foundation and not the superficial trimmings of your workplace. i can't guess how long i could really work places like these, and exploitation is everywhere, and minimum wage is too low. but in our imperfect world, the bottom line is, the dynamics of working for a mom and pop place often revitalize our sense of faith and devotion when we least expect it.

Ms. Molina's last employer was Orion Apparel, a Korean-owned plant in Honduras that produces, among other items, shirts for Gitano, a subsidiary of Fruit of the Loom. Ms. Molina was paid 38 cents an hour in a sweatshop that employed girls as young as 14.

The work schedule at Orion could have been fashioned in the Dark Ages. When business is especially good — that is, when the big orders from the American companies roll in — the Monday-through-Friday schedule is 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., a 15-hour shift. Saturday is the long day. The workers go in at 7:30 A.M. and don't re-emerge until Sunday at 6 A.M. — a 22½-hour shift!

The free-trade zones, promoted by the Reagan and Bush Administrations and financed to a great extent by U.S. tax dollars, have been a bonanza for U.S. companies, but the human toll they are taking is unconscionable. Since 1980, the U.S. has lost more than half a million textile and apparel jobs. Meanwhile, the wages paid to the maquiladora workers are so low they will not even cover the food necessary to satisfy minimal nutrition requirements.

ACTION GIRL NEWSLETTER



A guide to zines, books & comics produced by girls, grrls and women; plus gay & women's resources. Boy-friendly, but determinedly pro-girl! Each issue contains four pages of reviews and addresses of pro-female publications from the U.S., UK & Canada. For those of you who missed the first 6 issues, may I present the Action

Girl Guide, a full-size zine comp of all six.

INDIVIDUAL ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE FOR TWO
29¢ STAMPS OR IRCS EACH, AND COPIES OF
THE GUIDE ARE \$1 PPD, FROM:

ACTION GIRL HQ
543 VAN DUZER ST
STATEN ISLAND, NY10304

Thanks a lot!!! xox Sarah

GIRL ♥ CAN SAVE THE

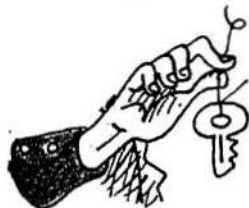


11
Consider where
you shop

excerpted from an editorial in The NY Times, July 20

Tara Emily's Part-Time job history rack 'em up!

\$babysitting
\$steinback's salesclerk
\$Roy Roger's drive thru (only 2 wks, thank goodness)
\$cheap johns cigarette booth attendant
\$day camp counselor-4th grade girls
\$cafeteria staff- server and dishroom, amherst
\$one hour photo lab
\$Inventory auditor, RGIS
\$Friendly's computer consultant
\$Friendly's hostess and drive thru server
\$building manager-campus center, amherst
\$waitress-diner, cafe, chain italian, seafood
\$gallery assistant
\$catering prep and server
\$real estate secretary
\$computer center assistant, stony brook



Sasha's Walk Down Paystub Memory Lane

*junior counselor @ an environmental camp
*tennis instructor for the cranston city day camp (i was not prepared for this job.)
*dishwasher @ valentine dining hall, amherst
*telephone pollster (scripts read verbatim) during the clinton campaign
*clerk at TWO dry cleaners
*subject in various medical experiments
*inventory auditor with rgis
*urban outfitters salesclerk (for three weeks, I loathe this employer more than any other)
*publicity assistant @ MIT press
*student editor of computer textbooks
*alphabetizer of thousands of tuition invoices @ harvard u.
*warden of high school students @ a summer program @ simmons college
*record label do-nothing
*manager of interactive phone system @ a women's magazine!

It a key-chain sized world.

One of my favorite possessions as a child was a Newport Lights boxing glove keychain.- a real leather glove, green and white, that I could fit three fingers into. Even then I thought it absurd the things they'd fashion into a key-chain- anything is fair game, regardless of original size. Now I get a total rush out of imagining most any particular object shrunk down to an appropriate key-chain size proportion.

I went wild the other night when I looked on the kitchen counter and caught sight of these two dwarf bananas. They were real bananas, but everything scaled down! There's something so neat about imagining something duplicated at 1/8 its original size. I mean, check out Cupsize reduced to complement any set of car keys. [see exhibit A]

This formula works in reverse, as I discovered at cafe Limbo the other day. I asked for a spoon for my iced coffee and as a joke the girl handed me the cauldron spoon that was attached to a ring and was serving as the cumbersome bathroom key-chain. She had turned the whole concept on its ear, making an even more ridiculous key-chain out of a super-huge spoon.



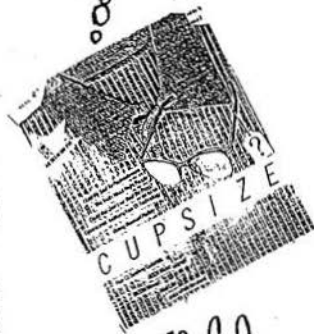
Back Issues: you can send \$75 for the Norton Anthology single-bound, definitive edition with an introduction by r.seth friedman, or just send \$2 or \$1 + 2 stamps for each issue.

CS#1: subway anxiety, john waters review, mike kaniecki interview, the color brown.

CS#2: squatter interview, legendary snapple vs. fruitopia debate, emily dickinson, stonewall commentary, l.i. coffee scene.

CS#3: riot grrrl and media, cyberscared, fear of strolling guitarists, outing bisexual history, wisdom teeth holes, truth about night people, love yr menses.

In every CS: madlibs, music, and laughs.



preference:public.

tara emelye's musings on education.

I think about education alot. I had wanted to write a research-type essay about the history of public education and women in higher education for this issue, but I started on it and too many questions arose from the spattering of reading I did. So here's my sleep-deprived take on things.

I hesitate to write explicitly about my two years at Amherst College. I am not ready yet to do that. Its too close to who I am and who I am still becoming. As I reflect on that time, I become overwhelmed sometimes by how symbolic my decision to transfer from a small private liberal arts college to a large public university can seem to me. I feel I went from one extreme to another and I can downplay that or view it as rife with meaning. Like any well-tempered thinker, I try to find the middle ground in-between, but verge towards the symbolic.

I attended the largest suburban high school in America and excelled there with all the usual round of As and awards. As a high school senior, I visited over twenty schools, many prestigious, many I had never heard of before then. They did not ring with meaning in my family history. They were these privileged places where smart people roamed and where I, but certainly not everyone, was allowed to go. That was the appeal.

My first impressions of Amherst were not favorable. They were cold and disappointing. I do not write this as an inditement of that place. I have reconciled what it is and who can thrive and be happy there, and why I could not or would not adjust. And with time and distance between me and the place, I more and more recall it with a strong fondness, a fascination with that epoch in my history. The strange and desolate becomes beautiful in my mind each day away from there, sometimes inching me toward regret. But never fully. Many of my earliest experiences (and profound and redundant angst) are tied up with the young woman I was then. Those impressions inform me as well as the place. I will share them in their ruthlessness, for that is how I felt them and that is how I carry them with me:

Amherst felt like a deadened impression of the real world. Diversity was a caricature of its intent. I met the boring and the bored rich. I met immature smart people who had never gone to a concert or owned an album. In short, to me, Amherst was culturally stunted, verging on bankrupt. It had an impressive concert schedule and visiting lecture series, but Im talking about the real stuff of culture-passions, deceit, risk.(smoking pot and experimenting with drugs does not qualify as culture in my book.) I found it stirred in me an adolescent-urge to rebel. Yet, how could I justify rebelling against a place that I had chosen to attend, that my parents were paying thousands of dollars to send me to, that promised me the world.

All of my experiences began to feel like they were part of a field trip. Everything became a specimen for study and distant cynicism. One time my friends hung out with some townies; they went to a party at a house where a bunch of young people lived and came back and were like Tara. You should have come. It was so neat. You would have loved it. It was the mtg/gen x house. As if these peoples lives, who were the people who really lived in the town and supported its businesses year round and worked the stores, as if they were some attraction for us to sample along our college journeys. It depleted everything of meaning for me. I reached an all-time nihilistic low.

I realize now that so much of this reaction was caused by my basic resistance to fabricated, simulated communities, which each college campus is to some degree. To this day, I get nervous and even a bit depressed when I enter the dining facilities of most schools, espically small ones. This is the result of two straight years of claustrophobic, self-conscious dining, 2 meals a day, in the dining hall at amherst, which was a catwalk more than anything else. Two solid years. Intense social dining is totally destructive. Its like flashbacks from a war episode for me. I love my declining balance meal card at stonybrook. I eat alone alot. I get food and just nourish myself and get on with my life. But carrying a tray to any designated dining area really makes me profoundly sad. I am so glad to be away from that.

I prefer stonybrook university. I like being at a school that has commuters. I like going to school with people who work weird part-time jobs in faraway towns. I like that the guy in my japanese lit class will skip class for a week to tour with his band. I like that the girl down the hall is a member of mensa. There is undoubtedly a far more stimulating diversity there than any private school could ever statistically achieve. I am amazed by its resources and that my mom can take continuing education classes and get her masters. (which she did) Public school buzzes with an intellectual environment tempered with the real and ongoing lives of its students. And I completely own up to a bargain mentality that makes me feel like my education is a steal and inherently more worthwhile. I fought this inbred part of me for two years, trying to accept what I saw as the gross waste and indulgence going on at Amherst alot of the time. Maybe its a class conflict. But my bargain mentality, presumably middle-class is as justified as any foibles of the wealthy. Why trade one for the other?



but open to suggestions.

The classes at Amherst were not amazing or stimulating with crazy exciting discussions. The professors got as much dead stares and silence when they posed a question as they do here. There was only one required course in the entire curriculum. That may sound cool, but I think its lame. At 18, I didnt want to be set loose on the whole stock of history and science and literature to pick four classes a semester. I wanted professionals in the educational field guiding me towards what they consider a solid education. A completely free-form curriculum says individual tastes are important, but really offers no content or viewpoint.

My friends who have gone to stonybrook longer then me claim to hate it. Yes, waiting on a really long line to register sucks compared to the personal treatment I got at Amherst where you literally watched the secretary type your course list into the computer. And the beurocracy even brought me to tears once this year. What I gather from this is that you should go to a school that you can financially afford to hate. For people who are fated to elite private schools, legacies and super-achievers, rebellion makes perfect sense. They can afford to hate their college. The rich can fuck-up at private schools, defying their allotted paths while doing drugs in their mansion-converted dormroom and jet-setting occassionally. The middle-class curses long lines and red tape and drinks beer in the 1960s dormrooms they share with one or two other people.

I guess what I realized was that the spark of American youth was not concentrated at amherst, or on any college campus. It could not be pre-determined in some dean of students office. It seemed to me that if 1600 of the brightest kids were set down in a valley, then some amazing stuff should happen. But it cant in that structure. Its too much input. If you are young and bright, storing yourself up in an intense scholarly atmosphere may not be the best idea. People can thrive intellectually and creatively in many environments and with notable achievement. For me, the unique character of a large public university campus is the best environment for me. When the NYS budget proposed massive cuts to programs and a tuition increase, I felt a particular responsibility to write letters and respond actively in protest. Because I am someone who CHOSE to attend a public University very much for virtue of the fact that its public. Not by default.

I love the romantic vision of Harvard and all that it promises and I dont want to say that the prestige of the Ivies and Little Ivies is a complete fake. I want to believe in it. What else can we believe in as Americans? What is more important to me is that the quality of public education be noted for its distinct character and this seen as a positive aspect.

I am fortunate to have access to a good state school system and a campus that has many resources and strong departments and is in good proximity to nyc. I am also lucky to have received a great high school education and always taken tools from every educational experience I have had, including Amherst and its amazing attention to writing. I feel especially suited for getting the most out of a public university.

I respect each persons school choice and realize small schools may be ideal environments for some peoples social and educational happiness. My experience at Amherst is very particular to that place. I would like to be able to generalize and not seem to be pointing a finger. But what I found there was a dead community that offered random courses but no real social context for learning and just having fun.

I am just strange. You see, I envision myself always reading and writing and learning. A college experience that is as close to meshing with an outside world (even tho its still far from it) is my natural inclination, because I always plan to be educating myself in some way. To me, commuting seems like the most impressive and admirable way to get an education. Not because it shows a tuff spirit. But because it says to me someone who has a fully integrated life- home and education. Books on the dinner table is a powerful image to me. This makes sense to me. We over glorify going away to school in America as some rite of passgae that earns credibility. But one persons quaint and enlightening college town away from home is another persons crappy and entrapping hometown that theyre trying to get away from. Were all really in the same boat, wherever we are.

Much of my angst with Amherst had to do with me learning these qualities about myself and also the particular pressures and guilts created by my family situation. Me and that particular environment just did not jive. Find where it jives for you. And please write to me and tell me your views on education; your experiences, sensibilities, and values. I am incredibly eager to learn the thoughts of my peers on the subject, and I am alot more open-minded then this particular article may reflect. I really want to break the biases I may have and get a clearer picture of where and why young adults are educating themselves. Any words you can pass along, I would value greatly.

DON'T LET FEAR OF COMMITMENT KEEP YOU FROM THE MUSIC YOU LOVE



Dionne Farris is so cool.



Emelye: "I Know" just makes me smile and feel like I can conquer the world. **Sasha:** I'm amazed by how such an expressive face can make an otherwise boring video rule my world.

My Favorite, Madplanets, Girlymen, Eskimo. **Sony Stonybrook Ballroom, April 6, 1995.** Andrea of my favorite cut through the red tape with grace and organized this "pop cafe" which was a blast to play. my favorite impressed listeners as usual with *erky* new wave that had the kids dancing and maybe even thinking a little. eskimo's first ever live show was a joy to behold. and girlymen arrived late but managed to squeeze in some styled funky punk. i hear madplanets were good too.



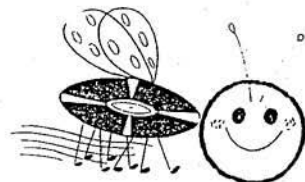
Team Dresch

Sonically simmers in my sound system. Their full-length, *Personal Best*, is peppered with pop beauties upbeat tempos and the occasional trenchant shriek. They had to be in there. I love the album, and I've played it almost as much as M. Lou Lord and other favorites, but I must also pledge allegiance to the cover art. A modern-day dyke send up of the movie [P.B.], which I saw for the first time a few weeks before I bought the disc. The models from *Third Sex* are more appropriately gritty than Mariel Hemingway, and they got the fashionable athletic tank tops just right. I also have a long standing crush one of the Team (Kaia), but I hear she has a friend. That's ok, crushes are great in their own right. If you haven't already become addicted, go give TD a listen.

Some Fave Sounds Of The Recent Past Arranged With The "By" Construction:

Ruby by **Boss Hog:** loungey, gutsy and sexy. All She Wants by **Yo La Tengo:** strumming that resembles small perfectly shaped waves, a musical perpetual motion machine. Honeychain by **Throwing Muses:** this song has made my heart drop for three years. Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover by **Sophie B. Hawkins:** I knew she was omniseual long before she told the world. **Thurston Moore's** *Psychic Hearts:* we got it free from DGC and like it a whole bunch. Unsafe with Fewer Drinks by **Vomit Launch:** incredible coherent guitar wash sound with a top coat of strong female vocals. Buttercup by **Blast Off Country Style:** cutesy with a wink of the eye. **TLC:** I love their videos and I love whatever that five minute drama about meeting men was all about. Parasol by **The Sea and The Cake:** beautiful slow ascension and the delivery is ON TARGET. Some Jingle Jangle Morning by **Mary Lou Lord:** why doesn't she write more songs??? *Latex Dominatrix* by **Tuscadero:** Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant, sex workers unite. I even went to see them with a dominatrix. *Fragments of Fear* by **In Camera:** spooky and groovy, toe tapping silvery bass. S

Compilation Schompiletion by **Red Room Records.** A comp done by folks in my home territory. Impressive first release by dan and belinda at red room. Bands include scarab, my favorite, bouncing souls, nilla, and girley men and madplanets. cool range of musical styles and great sound quality. artist supported and funded. PO Box 573 Shirley, NY 11967. send 5-8 bucks depending on postage.



ROCK MUSIC! ROCK MUSIC! ROCK MUSIC!

I have had my Kay guitar for a little over a year. I still recall fondly the month of June when I was paying it off in monthly installments of \$40 a week. I would go to the guitar store with fresh tips from my diner job, pay the owner, and watch as he took \$40 off the remaining bill, each time giving me a new and revised receipt. I would take the receipt and hide it in my room because I didn't tell anyone, especially my parents, that I was buying a guitar. It was my secret.


It didn't feel totally "right" when I bought it. It was not love at first sight. I always thought my first gee-tar would be the classic black fender stratocaster. But this one came my way unexpectedly, and I just went for it on a whim.

Emelye and her Axe.


My Kay is a hollowbody electric with two pickups. I rarely play it plugged in because all I have is a crappy practice bass amp and a cord I stole years ago that's on the verge of wire disconnection. So its basically acoustic most of the time. My friends don't get it when I get so excited at the prospect of playing thru one of their fancy amps on the rare occasion I do. Its like discovering a whole new capacity of my wooden friend.

As my solo show in Binghamton approached this March, I realized I needed to get my guitar a tune-up. It was a sad sounding thing. It barely resonated any pitch anymore when I strummed. It just buzzed in 6 different places- the neck, the pick-ups, the screw left in the coil where the whammy bar was.

So I took it back to where I bought it. What a glorious day! This man was a guitar doctor. He aggressively cut the strings off in two quick plier snips, pried open the coil with the screw in it and got that sucker out. Then he removed the pickup and tightened it, using precision tools. The piece de resistance was when he polished the wood and reset the bridge and then restringing it with a new free set of strings. To tune it, he plugged it in and played blues riffs until it was singing in key.

I recommend a trip to get your guitar a check-up as one of the more inexpensive (it was free!) and gratifying events possible. 


Versus, Small Factory. Brownies. March 31, 1995.

Show of my dreams. My first time seeing these two bands who accounted for 80% of the music I listened to in the preceeding two months. Both bands were great, so it was fun just deciding how they were different from one another, and especially watching the group dynamics among these finest of trios. Small Factory rocked in a happy, harmonized, emotional way. Phoebe Summersquash is a musical genius, singing and drumming at the same time. She uses that ride cymbal like no one else. Versus was intense in a different way. Great to see richard grip that guitar like it weighed only an ounce. And he totally made me nervous smoking during the set. Fontaine was stoic but had a great presence and when she smacked that bass neck, we all felt it. The highlight was "I'm not crazy" which gave me chills. As for the audience, it was a somewhat lifeless, new york event. 

The Madplanets fly kites in open fields and work in the tudor style library. The Madplanets watch "backbeat" and try to determine who is the stu sitcliff parallel in their lives. The Madplanets look like a sixties sitcom, sitting in the back of the volkswagon bus. The Madplanets sit outside at 4am and hunt for spider webs. The Madplanets wear headset walkie talkies and talk to each other in manhattan traffic. The Madplanets sing along to that crazy remix of "this charming man."

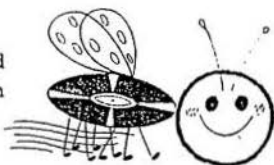


MP's at the gas station July 1 1995 Princess release party

Oh yeah.. We play music too. This is a story about my band and its all ~~starecliff~~ true. We have had a great year playing (especially at the Elvis Room in Portsmouth, N.H.) and writing and our star charts predict more in the future. Write to me (Emelye) and John and Erik at P.O. Box 4326 Stonybrook, NY 11790-4326. Learn to Say Goodnight, our six-song E.P., is still available. (\$3) :) 

P.O. BOX 4326
Stonybrook, NY
11790-4326

the mad planets



NY Jazz. Cool Sounds.
Channel 17 in
Manhattan.
Friday 8:30pm.



puzzling

through

the

peep

show

Forty second street, the Deuce, the association is immediate and I think you

know what I mean. Flashing lights, the neon outline of a curvaceous female

figure, girls, x, girls, x, girls and x. For a good, long while, I've wanted to

step inside the red smoky dens of my grrrl mind's eye. Smoky and dim by default

because I couldn't clearly envision what was

inside. These imagined parlors have been the focus of pages of analysis and

countless debates, and I'd never even been inside even one redlight district

establishment. When I was younger, I would walk by with my head down and my

eyes averted. But as I got older, I became more curious and headstrong. I would

spy beyond the door person to the action inside. I wanted to see for myself.

But you know, I never found anyone to infiltrate the sex industry with me. Maybe I was too shy to ask, or maybe it's just rare that I meet someone who shares both a similar brand of feminist politics and an appetite for pornographic adventures.

I got to go quite accidentally...which made me very happy, I would have been properly depressed if I had formally planned the excursion. The biggest Salvation Army in Manhattan is a few avenues west of much of the sex hub. I go there on seasonal shopping trips and travel to and fro in the adult entertainment fray. One afternoon, I went with my friend Becca to buy a whole load of tshirts to silkscreen with our slogans "bipower" and "bykes unite!" [the shirts are pictured elsewhere in this issue.] On the way back she mentioned that she wanted to see the "lesbian" sex show advertised at the Playpen. Needless to say, I wanted to see it too.

We wandered into this house of love, entered a mirrored, bejeweled carnivalesque hallway. A woman was selling gold tokens from behind a booth, like she was selling tickets to see the bearded lady. She told us that we weren't allowed inside without a male escort. Orders from the male boss, legislated for our protection. Becca reflexively told her, "that's discrimination." Of course, we girls need laws to protect us. We'll just forget that the same paternalistic logic was marshalled to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment in both the thirties and

the seventies and eighties. Becca wanted to duke it out with her, but I steered us out to the street because I correctly assumed that there were plenty of other 'lesbian' sex shows within a three block radius.

The doormen at other venues didn't feel the need to protect us. I asked if we could go in at the next door, and the guy said, "yeah, sure." As long as money was exchanged for tokens...some offered us employment, but we had to disappoint them for now.

I was really inappropriately dressed for the occasion. Far from my usual tough self (right), I was in a dowdy floral skirt I had ripped to the knees and birkenstocks because I had furious blisters on my heels. I was already paranoid about body fluids dripping on me. In these stupid sandals, I also had my unprotected feet to worry about. I imagined that we would watch a sex show performed on a dusty black stage from the frayed upholstery of sagging row of seats. The kind of place where fluids would pool unnoticed. My image was really off. Not to fear, the insides of these places were gleaming, plastic and pristine. No body fluids, instead the tiles looked shiny and antiseptic.



As far as I could tell, this is how the work was organized in the four places we visited. The setting: a wide, open space of warehouse proportions. Circular clusters of bright red booths dotted the floor like mushrooms and half-dressed women were casually travelling between them. The booths looked like red formica coffins soldered together and propped erect with blue handles attached for convenience. Though the management advertised a stage show, I saw no evidence of a stage or a show. I think they counted the interior of the circle of booths as a stage and the women inside as a show. Becca and I tried to assume the appropriate mien and demeanor as we bought two tokens and entered our separate plastic booths. I don't think we were too successful. We inserted our tokens into videogame-like slots and a small sheet of plastic opened to reveal a paneless window.

Inside were four women. Three were sitting on chairs and the other was peeling off her teddy. But she wasn't trying to be sexy, not in the least, the disrobing was just preparation for the nudity required of her job. Two were smoking, and they looked really bored. One woman, the most attractive one, asked me if I was tipping. If I had been, she would have walked to my window and I could have touched her. I did not tip. I was so unprepared for the question that it would have taken me the full minute to fumble for a bill in my wallet. The next fifty seconds in time slowed down to a near standstill. Fifty awkward and unpleasant seconds. The woman studied me with challenging eyes and I had to fight the urge to look through my wallet or bite my nails, anything to find an alternate focus for my eyes. Assembled in this naked, plastic ennui, more at ease in the flesh than I was in my clothes, not doing anything particularly erotic, the women inside were much more comfortable than I was on the other side of the window. I could have been passing time on the benches of a locker room with them. But I couldn't kid myself into that false camaraderie, because in the booth to my right, another customer had come to tip. One of the women went to his window and he reached in and fingered her inner thigh and her cunt.

A disembodied limb, a hairy arm reaching into the crotch of a woman who was staring at the ceiling to pass the time. I'm hesitant to describe the pathos I saw in this scene, because I don't want to rob this woman of her subjectivity; I don't know her and I don't know best for all women. Perhaps she prefers sex work to less lucrative positions and otherwise demeaning jobs. I'll simply say that a lump swelled in my chest when I watched her look away as he reached between her legs. Could she have chosen other work or other forms of sex work? Perhaps if the

interaction seemed a little more human and less fractured, I wouldn't have been as unsettled. I also had to wonder how this was sexy for him? what was the appeal? I could be equally sad for him, alienation in the late twentieth century and all that, but I'm not going to waste my tears on him. The reality is that even if the women seemed more comfortable and 'in control' in the middle of the space, male money controls the levers of the window on the peep show and male managers define the terms of the industry.

I have described a very particular context, a forty second street peep show. I need to say very plainly that I believe that sex work is a perfectly valid occupation and is far more profitable than other 'pink collar' professions, but I do think the conditions of the transaction make a huge difference. This street and this place did disturb me, I won't lie.

I shouldn't have been surprised that many of the customers were well-dressed, professional-looking men. I expected this demographic, but I was struck by the affluence all the same. The excursion seemed so completely habitual and routine. The starched shirts, the chino pants, these men bought their tokens unabashedly, a ten minute Bite of sex, then lunch and back for conference calls in the corner office. When I mentioned the preponderance of well-dressed men to my roommate jill who works at MTV, she said that she expected that at least half of the men in the building where she works patronize the Playpens of 42nd street on their lunchhours.

Can you imagine the same availability of lunchhour sexcursions for the female employees at MTV? the female executives, the secretaries, the publicity managers or Tabitha Soren? Imagine if I, a twenty-one year old woman, could stroke a warm body before I bought a slice of quiche and a bottle of lemonade. I could insert a few tokens for a playmate a few blocks from my office before I brought my lunch back to work. An available option any day of the week? I can't imagine it. At all. If I had been bred as an American male, would this make more sense to me? If the answer is yes and this would all make sense, then I'd be more than a little disturbed.

5

Booths
Talk To
The Girl
Of Your
Choice



BOTTLED BEVERAGE OF THE SEASON

Cupsized is proud to announce the champion of this summer's bottled beverage crop. [the iced tea market has exploded!] If you have been following this running feature, you'll know that Fruitopia and Manhattan Espresso Soda have won kudos, and that Snapple has gotten the big raspberry. Well, the word on the street this summer is the new brand called CROOKED. This "Southern Style" Iced Tea comes in huge bottles, at least 1.5 times the size of your average tea. In the sweaty streets of heatwave-ridden newyork, you need all the hydration you can get. Even Tarzan could get a quench out of Crooked. And that "southern tastes gen-U-really shines through, the hint of lemon tastes gen-U-ine. You'll feel like you're rocking in a wooden chair on a verandah. Plus, the name implies that it's the beverage for queers. I'm sure the marketing team will use the name to their advantage when they market the drink during Pride Week. (I'm giving ideas to executives.) Even if I am, I can't help but feel grateful to a bottled beverage that injects vast quantities of liquid refreshment into my system. Damn straight! I mean, Crooked! S



GULP! I Just Swallowed Some Grape Soda!

grape soda consumption boils down to a choice between carbonated or fruity? do you want the experience to be semi-electric, something like swallowing liquid pez(carbonated) or a fruity, grape juice, Hi-C tainted thick-on-your tongue gulp? when the Burger King on campus got a Shasta grape soda nozzle, I'd stop in each night for an 11:30 pm, non-caffeinated wake-me-up. I shunned the 32oz. plastic bottles of Minute Maid grape soda that my friend's carried around. I thought the essence of grape soda consumption was its artificiality- the more synthetic zing it had, the better. but when stocking up for a madplanets road trip, I was converted to Minute Maid. the taste is thicker, smoother, simply grape juicier. its pleasantly longer lasting. in comparison, the Shasta seems minimally grape-oriented and even a bit toxic. an ice-cold can of Welch's hits the middle ground between the two others, though it favors the Shasta sensation a bit more because of its vacuum-packedness. E



impress us with your social savoir-faire

So you entered the win-a-date with Anka contest at Details and didn't win. Don't despair--here's your chance to go out with underground celebrities. That's right, send us a letter describing Fun, the most fun new york youth could hope to have. Entries without an element of quality dining (that means no less than a few courses) will not be considered. We will choose the most charming, entertaining entry. Forget obnoxious sexual fantasies; we're looking for a classy guy or gal. The winner will be allowed to take us out on the town, all expenses paid by her or him. We will choose the lucky person by October 1st, so start thinking about ideal Fun. If you can't make it, just send us a check. Gift certificates are welcome.

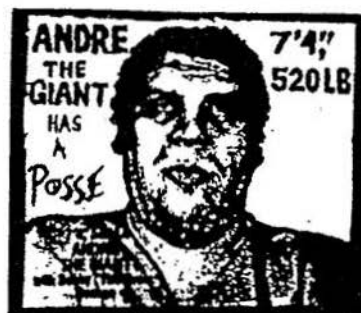
*reviews!

***better than beerfame. Yes!

Book Alert! Put down that required reading copy of *The Scarlet Letter* for a sec, and do yourself a big favor: read the beautiful novel by Zora Neale Hurston (1891-1960) "Their Eyes Were Watching God". My friend Diana gave this to me for Christmas and I didn't think it was possible for a book to live up to her hype- she almost tied me to a chair to make me read it. That didn't happen, but I finally read it this summer, and it's, well, exquisite, and will make you brim over with pride for women writers. This is about a freedwoman seeking her true self with passion in the post civil war south. The language is poetry. Janie, the protagonist, is such a keen life observer, and when she meets TeaCake, the love of her life and a way younger man, she defies the gossip and conventions of her day and marries him. One of the neatest things is the way the women speak to each other with humor and often profound wisdom in their private exchanges.

Daring to Be Bad: Radical Feminism in America, 1967-1975.

Alice Echols, University of Minnesota Press. Our most recent history may be the most important to understand if we are to get anywhere from here. Because you know, in 1967, there were no rape crisis centers and abortion was illegal. I was impressed with Echols' cogent analysis of radical feminism's emergence from the New Left, her take on internal conflict in the early years between socialist/politicos and more feminist-minded

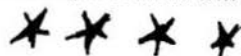


YOU'VE SEEN THE STICKER...

Andre the Giant has a Posse: the documentary & attention deficiency disorder are available for 12 dollars each plus one dollar postage. Contact: ALTERNATE GRAPHICS 410 Angell Street Providence Rhode Island 02906 phone/fax 401-861-3768

Andre the Giant has a Posse:

I yelped and then tugged at Sasha's shirt sleeve the other day when I saw the familiar mug of Andre the Giant sprayed on the base of a street sign pole at the corner of tenth and third Ave. Having recently watched Helen Stickler's documentary *Andre the Giant has a Posse*, (it took second prize in the 1995 Underground Film Festival) I felt "in" on this particular subcultural phenomena. Helen Stickler is from Providence Rhode Island. She has made a cool documentary which satisfies a curiosity we've all probably had about these stickers. They are certainly familiar to my eyes. Even though I sorta instinctively accepted them as some propagated underground joke, understanding how they came to be, and to be seemingly everywhere, inspires a true fascination with the phenomena. It was good to catch an earful of the punk ethics behind the originators and see snippets of the Slackers performing their song named after the sticker. The sticker is the star of the video, barely stealing the spotlight from the two kids in Rhode Island who silkscreen them with a postmodern political mission. My favorite part of the video was the crash-course Heideggerian analysis which "read" them as popular culture phenomenology to the hilt. I am so glad someone took the time to make this!



women, and early feminism's self-conscious identification with the civil rights movement. Black women who played central roles in the civil right movement served as role models for many early white feminists, but the women's movement was subsequently incapable of appealing to women of color. The overwhelming whiteness of the women's movement still plagues feminism today. It's definitely worthwhile to read at least one interpretation of the origins of this issue.

THE YEAR OF THE BROW

or how i came to terms with my tweezers

This is the year of the eyebrow. Bob Dole will not be elected next fall because his brows are even more unsightly than Boris Yeltsin's. Check them out next time you try to endure the six o'clock news--they're so unkempt they take up half his forehead. Such brows bring shame to the United States of America! If I had my way, HR Clinton or Bob Kerrey would be in the Oval Office in '96, those are two baby boomers with well-groomed brows.

So why is this the year of the brow? Or rather, how did I happen to spend this year obsessed with eyebrows? It's a tough question, one that might invite a variety of responses. I think there must have been very particular conditions that allowed the fetish to emerge, because if you look at the pictures of my brows in my first year in college, you'll see that they've always been big and brawny. Quite unruly and far from inconspicuous, I never gave even a passing thought to smoothing them down or grooming them in any way.

My earliest brow memory dates twelve years back to a sunny summer's day at a lake in Lincoln Woods, Rhode Island. My friend Paula and I were traipsing through the imported sand to our well-worn towels, and on the way, she turned to me and asked, "Do my eyebrows look OK?" "Uh, yeah," I told her, bewildered, she might have asked, "do my ears look OK?" and the question would have made as much sense. I didn't think much of her concern because Paula was just a strange, neurotic child. She wouldn't let anyone sit on her (canopy) bed because she didn't want to wrinkle the bedspread.

But back to the present, and back to brows. Just under a year ago, I discovered the instrument known as the tweezer. Those slivers of stainless steel would provide me with endless delight and satisfaction in the months to come. Since my first year in college, I have had a penchant for indiscriminately plucking browish hairs while I do academic reading. And I have always enjoyed trimming individual hairs on my legs (see cupsize #3), but with the tweezer, I was entering a more advanced league: I would be conscious of this visible and discrete region of hair as a form waiting to be sculpted, a canvas of follicles almost smack dab in the middle of my face.

I maintained restraint and prudence, but only until March, when a storm of academic and personal pressure systems hit and I found that I wasn't getting much enjoyment out of conventional leisure activities. I just couldn't resist the temptation to pluck and shape, pluck and shape. It was much more enjoyable and immediately gratifying than anything else. Undisturbed, I could stand in front of my mirror and carefully prune stray hairs; it was cheap therapy really. But eventually, more and more brow looked stray and unnecessary. I gradually but decidedly tweezed further than I ever had before. I uprooted the extremities that stretched beyond my eyes and erased a sizable amount from the top and the bottom. After a couple of weeks, I had eyebrows half their original size.

By making tweezing my recreational activity, I had invited a facial metamorphosis of sorts. Simply by plucking some hairs you can fundamentally change the alignment of your features. This ability to reshape the face without (high) technological intervention appeals to me immensely. These little pieces of stainless steel could do all that!?

After I had radically reduced my browage, I would pass my reflection in mirrors on the street and windows in the subway and wonder, "Who is that?" My face looked like a pencil drawing pasted on my head. These manicured, scrawny brows left me looking wimpy and generic. On the other hand, I'd since heard from Molly, my virgin brows were *fierce*. So while I was fascinated with this lo-fi project of facial reinvention, I was ultimately unsatisfied with these streamlined strips of hair. I looked so un-fucked-up. I chose to leave radical tweezing behind and to allow lone follicles to creep around the perimeter of my brows.



21 Sinead O: I can't see her tweezing.



Luckily, I met someone who could ease me through this difficult period. The first person I approached only humored my questions; I know she thought I was vain and teetering on temporarily insane. When I mentioned the brow concerns to Molly, I swear her jaw must have dropped. This school year had also been her year of the brow. She had meticulously tweezed her brows to almost half their size in September, and had been growing them in ever since. I never imagined that there was another reasonably sane person who had spent as much time contemplating brows as I had. Molly and I compared notes: We both notice brows before anything else. I associate perfect, full brows with prep school breeding and an aristocratic upbringing. Molly had particular anxiety about the way one of her brows was growing in.

Since then, I have left tweezing excess behind and taken up residence in the land of brow moderation. I still enjoy the occasional tweeze, but I only graze on the manifestly out of place. As of this writing, my brows are getting bigger and bolder by the week. On the whole, I feel more like my irregular self. But I would never trash my tweezers and leave this hobby behind. I see no reason to deny myself the pleasure. In this day and age, you need to savor all the satisfaction you can get.

MOLLY TALKS BROW

I am a self-proclaimed brow fanatic. What to some are just little strips of hair lying somewhere over the eyes are truly the makers or the breakers of the human face. They are perhaps the simplest feature to alter and thus change one's appearance. A simple pluck, pluck, pluck with those tweezers can create an entirely new you.

My obsession with my own brows came earlier this year. After countless hours pouring over fashion magazines and admiring perfectly groomed arches, I decided that I wanted the look. By the look, I mean that I wanted to appear as though I had just returned from my photo shoot with Glamour, my high arched eyebrows exuding wealth and sophistication. But sadly, I soon discovered that the look was not happening. After my friend plucked my brows into what I thought was a perfect arch, I still did not resemble even one supermodel. No one even noticed that I had done anything. To top it all off, when I told my Mom to look at my brows, she that my face had lost its strong quality. So I decided to give up and let my eyebrows grow back to their natural, not so perfect, slightly askew arch. The growing back process was quite painful. Seeing little bald patches where my brow hair had yet to grow in has not been a pleasant sight. Now it has almost all grown back. My mother was right; I do feel that my face is much stronger with my thicker, slightly wild brows. So those models can keep their perfect brows on their pouty faces. I'm fierce.

Just because I've stopped obsessing over my own brows doesn't mean that I can't observe others'. It's just so fun to try to guess who plucks and who doesn't. And one would never get sick of brows because like people, no two sets are alike.

It comforts me to know that I am not alone in my obsession. OK, so I've only met one other who shares my passion for above-the-eye hair, but I'm sure there are others like us. So I search and search for those who upon first meeting someone look first to the brows and wonder, 'do they pluck or are they natural?' We are destined to become friends.

J. Frischmann
Hottest brows
on MTV.

conspicuous eyebrows

Collio has amazing control over his right brow.

t. muses drummer likes his unibrow.

my brows at 18 yrs of age →

F. Kahlo in middle: combed her brows.

nice arch, maybe too tapered

whittled away to nothing, my sweet.

because of his brows

★ At the Thrift Store ★

It was a adjective summerday and I needed some new article of clothing (pl) I reached into my noun and had all of # dollars. Just right for a trip to the noun Army! Once there, I headed straight to the noun section. The selection of noun (pl) were pleasing to my body part and my pocketbook. I especially ^{liked} the Golf Skirt. I hid behind the giant noun because there were no dressing rooms. Thankfully, no peeping proper name (pl) were shopping to catch a glimpse of my body part. I found the noun of my dreams and it only cost # over 1 million dollars w/ tax!

★ MAD LIBS ★

WORLD'S GREATEST KIDS' PARTY GAME ★

★ Sasha's outgoing phonemail message on Cupsize eve day:

"Hi. This is Sasha. Leave a message. Tara, I have a special message for you. I left my scissors and tape at your house. So make sure you bring some so we have supplies. Scissors, tape. See you tonight."

★ Tara's incoming message:

Tara: "Gotcha, scissors and tape. Happenin. Comin' your way."

Tara's Brother Tommy picks up the phone: "Tara?"

Tara: "Tommy?"

Tommy: "What're ya doin'?"

Tara: "I'm on the phone, I'm on someone's email, uh, phonemail. Get off! Hang up!"

click

Tara: "Hello? Sorry about that. That's pretty bizarre. I bet you'd love to transcribe that and put it in the zine. Siblings. Bye." click



My brother Danny is always asking me, "When's your Cupsize coming out?" because he loves the Mad Libs. This one's for you, Danny.



crime suggestion:



careening car

The risk involved in crime suggestion- the power of suggestion itself- is the dangerous stuff that the underground press and Cupsize in particular is made of.

My new crime is **appliance manipulation**. Imagine a criminal who broke into houses after a family left for church and simply left the coffee pot on, turned on the iron, left the water running or started a load of laundry with too much soap. The offender might leave the refrigerator door ajar or even the dead bolt undone.

When my family leaves for a day trip anywhere, we inevitably turn back around in the parking lot of the 7-11 right before the expressway to answer the question for sure "is the coffee pot turned off?" It always is.

Imagine a criminal dedicated to making the answer to the question consistently a resounding "No." The perpetrators of these crimes would be kids like me who had to endure the nervous suburban minds of their parents when packed in the car- a mania they inevitably inherit and resent.

Proof positive: My parents go away for a few days and I end up calling my brother from NYC after a worry-filled train ride to make sure the burner on the stove is off after scrambling eggs. But when you think about it, a house is just a mess of wires and installation waiting to ignite at all hours. Kinda like Apollo 13. All they did was stir the tanks, and nobody saw a moon rock from that mission. The possibility for appliance manipulation to lead to already on-the-book crimes exists; an iron brewing in a kitchen easily becomes arson. Suburbia would never picnic soundly again. E

MSCL SUX

msclsux.msclsux.msclsux.msclsux

I must register a voice of dissent in the zine community. I have read one too many paeans to the now defunct My So-Called Life. I too would have loved to watch a show that told teen angst like it is, but come on...my fifteen year-old sister could see right through it. Angela was agonized one hundred percent of the time. Teen angst does not swallow people up into a giant pout. Her acting was one dimensional and contrived--all sigh and no inner life. The parents were bourgeois schmucks--I could have cared less about the hubby's reaction to the wife's shortened haircut. A pixie cut is far from revolutionary. When I first read that the writers had included a Latino bi character,

my interest was piqued, but Ricky's storyline was so marginal that we barely got to know him. As for the wacky friend, whatever her name was, irritating to say the least. I shudder to think of all the Cupsize readers who will be offended by my opinion of MSCL, but if you want to see quality teen angst on TV, I suggest that you demand the best. You've only been starved, My So-Called Life was nowhere near the best a teen drama could be. Emelye interjects: That's right! The finest in teen drama, absolutely addictive T.V., was the Degrassi Jr. High and Degrassi High Series. Bug your public television station to show it.

S



Angela Chase
after too many
seasons of
pouting.



Newsweek
As you may or may not have noticed, there has been a recent explosion of print media interest in bisexuality. I've included some samplings from articles in Newsweek, Vogue, the NY Times, and The Wall Street Journal (!). But there's more, I tell you:

Bisexuality

Not Gay. Not Straight.
A New Sexual
Identity Emerges.

Harper's Bazaar and the New Yorker, and a number of reviews of M. Garber's recent

going
both ways

Calvin Klein Calvin Klein



In her new book, Marjorie Garber proposes a third sexual preference: bisexuality. But are we ready to stop dividing the world into straights and gays?

by Robert S. Boynton



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THE NEW YORK TIMES NATIONAL MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1995

A New Generation Seems Ready to Give Bisexuality a Place in the Spectrum

In the Dating Game These Days, Some Ignore Old Gender Rules

WSJournal: I love to ignore old gender rules!



Barbara Carmichael, 19, right, uses a computer bulletin board to meet other bisexuals. Her mother, Rita Carmichael, left, says she overcame her initial shock and now accepts her daughter's bisexuality.

Vice Versa. And after the Newsweek cover, there's bound to be more, as witnessed by RGrrrrls across the land. My reaction to the windfall: predictably conflicted. In the interests of bi visibility, the disruption of fixed notions of sexuality and a kicker punch to heterosexism, surely the exposure is advantageous. But the story can easily warp into threesome madness in the mainstream's appetite for a sexy story. I'm always wary that they will sketch same-sex relations as a side dish to the 'real meat' of hetero unions. I'm also a bit skeptical of what M. Garber calls the "bisexual moment" that we are in right now, what happens when the bisexual moment is over? Do we continue to be ignored and

have our sexualities scorned by the straight world and the so-called queer community? Also, the articles barely mentioned the political work that bi women and men have undertaken to gain recognition for bisexual people in the queer community, to build bi communities in various cities and to do activism around all queer issues. Surprise, surprise, those topics aren't terribly sexy. But some of the writing was actually quite good, like a personal piece by Rachel Cohen that appeared in H. Bazaar. I never would have suspected that I would find a kindred voice inside those pages. Maybe I'm just mad that I didn't get any clips out of it. Just kidding....I prefer writing for Cupsize over Vogue any day.

the horror of living bisexual and chic

Marching with the NY BiWomen made my weekend. See, I make certain to be out as bi at marches and such because I'm assumed to be otherwise almost all of the time. One day of the year, we're going to get it right. I don't think I'm just imagining the unfriendly looks that a bi t-shirt seems to provoke. When Becca wore her bipower shirt to a Tribe 8 show two weeks ago, a woman brushed by her and said, "you're a brave girl." God, that was a scary thing to say. But I'm a (zealous?) crusader and I prefer not to closet myself in a label that doesn't fit. Becca said it best when we were in the middle of the parade, "it's so great to be with this group and feel like I can be bi and be as queer as I want to be." For the most part, the crowd's reactions were warm and sunny as the summer's day. But there were three women who told us "I'll turn you gay!" and "give up the men!" Harrassment from the "big gay family" at a Pride parade??! But those were only three in probably close to a million, and most of the miles of faces were smiling and supportive. The best moments were when girls on the side jumped at the sight of the banner and you could just tell that they were so glad to see something that read differently than "lesbian and gay." We saluted each other with applause and thumbs up and I felt damn courageous and proud.



I am bisexual and chic. Chic, I was clearly born that way. I had my doctor measure my hypothalamus¹ and she said that my chic genetic material was for sure. My pre-school teacher even told my mom that I was precociously fashionable. And as for my queer politics, I'm out about my bisexual queerness. So where does that leave bichic me? Slandered and misrepresented by the media and by talk shows more than ever!

All these talk show audiences and magazines seem to think that just because I know how to dress myself, my bisexuality is a sham. According to them, I am just one of a group of young women who are calling themselves bi to seem chic. Well, I am bi and my chicness lives and breathes as an entirely integral yet separate element of my identity. I don't call myself bi to appear chic. I was already chic! These media mavens are obviously so threatened by a challenge to their fixed monosexuality that they try to dismiss bisexuality by saying that women call themselves bi to win chic points. Well, I've got a news flash: getting maligned as a fence-sitter or better yet, as non-existent!, is not very chic. Every time I come out as chic and bi in a queer space I put my chicness in jeopardy because I am forced to tell off losers who tell me to "choose." It's a fine chic line to tread when you call someone on their stupidity in a social space. Well, I refuse to choose between str8t or gay, and I refuse to choose between bi and chic!

I call it the horror of living bisexual and chic in the mid-nineties. Must I closet myself as bi and frumpy to get any respect? Would people feel more comfortable with a bi bad dresser?

Why are people so threatened by good fashion sense? Soon contingents of self-loving out bichics will march in Pride Parades across the country. We will hide our style no longer. I claim the many layers of my identity proudly- BI AND CHIC!^S

note: I don't really think I am that chic. I just wanted to see how often I could use the word chic in conjunction with bi in one article.



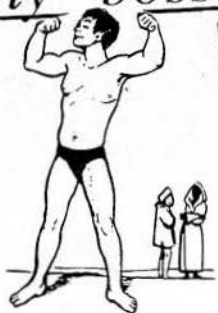
Becca and I silkscreened these t-shirts and had lots of fun selling them at Pride and the Rally for Women's Lives in D.C. We're going to make a new batch of 'bykes unite!' shirts that will also say 'bi dyke pride.' If you'd like to order one, send a check for \$9 made out to B. Miller to Box 2152, 3001 Broadway, NY, NY 10027. They will probably all be in the L/X-L range, but it certainly wouldn't hurt to specify your size.



Must I watch another commercial for one of the millions of stalker T.V. movies that are the showcases for late eighties prime-time soap actresses to play "strong" women. These roles for women as victims of domestic violence, stalked by exes, fighting back against abusive doctors, are viewed as "strong" because they include a ten-minute wrap-up when she testifies and sends her assailant away for life. That doesn't cut it for me when the rest of the movie exploits and cashes in on the typical stalker narrative with images of women scared, victimized, hurt, and waiting around helplessly.



my boss' son



These once had a socially redeeming quality- they broadcast the silent stories of many women and brought them into our homes (the burning bed, extremities) Now they have spawned a whole new genre of vapid t.v. thrillers that pretend to be empowering portraits of women because the protagonist is a lawyer and single mom instead of a housewife. And believe me, I am a total fraidy cat. These still scare the hell out of me. But more than anything, they make me sad, watching another woman wait around a dark kitchen, knowing someone is in the house, scared and quivering, for national entertainment and ratings races. Everyone needs variety in their T.V. diet, but these are coming out in such rapid succession without owning up to what they really are, that I have been abstaining entirely. E

exhibitionist

I am not one for spontaneous useless conversation. (see "zen stare" cs #3) I voluntarily lose all tact when imposed upon by an insane life-confessee. Disclaimer: there are sweet people who talk with you endlessly, strangers even, who are a joy to behold. I am targeting those freaks who leech onto you like car salesman 24-7 about anything and everything. The give-away and offensive aspect of the whole onslaught is that these people DO NOT LISTEN. They don't even require eye contact. You are simply a sounding board for unedited, unsolicited crap. Here's what I know about my boss' son:

- 1) He fielded 7 incoming phone calls at once the other day and took messages on all of them.
- 2) His friend is a cop who just got shot and killed a person. He assumed I disapproved of the cop shooting someone and went into a big defensive spiel about it.
- 3) You couldn't pay him enough to drive a nitro-glycerine tank across the U.S.(!?)
- 4) At his factory job, his boss would buy pizza and soda for the guys who worked the nightshift.
- 5) His cat's paws and then later his son's arms got stuck in the spackling bucket in the den.
- 6) His real-estate office owning mom decided to cater the company office party this year instead of buying (insert meticulous grocery list fit to feed 70 people). Now repeat this to yourself cause I heard it again when he told the agents downstairs.

#6 is indicative of the other clincher; if you overhear the offender telling the same account to someone else within 15 minutes, then they do not deserve your sympathetic ear. These are the stages of response I go thru:

- 1) uh-oh. 2) Emelye, Behave. -Benefit of the doubt (more like innocent until proven guilty)
- 3) tolerance and physical restraint. 4) zombie-like glazed-over look of deterrence and avoidance.

This guy really takes advantage of any response I give him. Most of the time, he gets the picture after a while and I'll inevitably feel bad so if I show ANY interest he jumps back in full force. It's like he knows exactly what he's doing and only increases his blabbering instead of compromising and actually having a conversation with me. Insane. This experience has turned me into the lifeless E receptionist from Dr. Katz Professional Therapist. (*note-this situation even goes beyond the mighty power and scope of the zen stare.)



When did it become the tradition for sketch comedy shows to have these big fashion layout beginnings? - super chic, grainy, german-bauhaus inspired cast pictorials- think Saturday Night Live, The State, Kids in the Hall. Perhaps they started out as tongue-in-cheek takes on vain camera antics-like "wow, how absurd for a comedy troupe, of all peoples, to pose like models." But since the tradition has settled in, the irony has been lost somewhere and most of them resemble well-choreographed photo shoots for the Star Search Supermodel competition. I often think the beginnings are genuinely the most impressive parts of the show, especially on the State, which often sucks comedy wise. The quick editing, fuzzy shots- this is the stuff of video wizardry. They are small masterpieces in their own right. I know that if I made it onto the cast of SNL, I'd

be mulling happily over my faux-candid, caught-in-the-act, on-location NYC portrait for the beginning when that sax music is blaring. Let's see, I'd be leaning over tying my shoe and then look up slyly with wide eyes and then "Cheese!" That's cool, but it doesn't say "Get ready for comedy!"

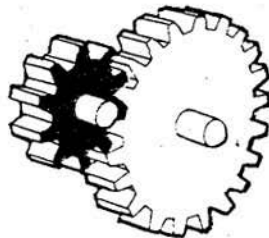
These beginnings really get to me. They stir me up with their over-the-top coolness. I feel silly and manipulated, because it's all just for a sketch comedy show. I mean, when I watch Kids in the Hall come on I want to be at that party. Wouldn't it be more appropriate if they rolled the opening credits while an animated chicken crossed a road?

Drug has been reborn, rebaptized and is finally of some interest to me. Drug queens, NO THANK YOU, it's tired and done. When Oprah gets good ratings for interviewing RuPaul about his contract with MAC cosmetics, you know it's gotten boring. Last night I saw a drag king show for the first time. You should have heard me during the first performance, I was telling people I barely knew, 'this is insanely good' and 'i am so into this.' [granted I wasn't exactly 'straight' at the time.] Let me explain why these drag kings were so special.

First I must contrast the show to the drag queen enterprise. To do drag, all a man has to do is add on the caky layers of female artifice: foundation, fishnets, a pair of heels and a tight dress. Drag queens usually reproduce a generic caricature of a glamorous woman. It's as if those were the only women available to imitate. What a lack of imagination! The other night I saw 'Miss Sherry Vine' doing a Janis Joplin song. And what was she wearing? A blue sequin dress! Give me a break...if 'she' were really interested in performing Janis Joplin, 'she' might have rethought her costume and lost the pink lipstick and two inch heels. Perhaps many women feel discomfort about men doing drag because they rarely choose to reproduce anything but the most stereotypical female roles.

But imagine mastering the presence of a 'man'...instead of carelessly slapping on the stereotypical strata of conventional women's wear, these performers slip into the precise movements and mannerisms of the specific male character they perform. It looked as though these grrrl-boys had spent hours in character study, mastering their respective personas. The first drag king on did an adolescent Aerosmith groupie--I could imagine Beavis and Butthead nodding in approval. Another did Prince, and last was Jim Morrison. These are all radically different men, no doubt about it. They didn't fall into any collapsed stereotype of macho man, like drag queens often do with the diva. And perhaps most importantly, all the women/men were H-O-T, hot! If you get a chance, go see a drag king show. I suspect that you will find girls doing boys far more interesting than any Queen of the Desert. S





i will not check my e-mail again today
i will not check my e-mail again today
i will not check my e-mail again today OR

emelye's computer chronicles

I could write forever about my burgeoning relationship with computers. I am reactionary/skeptic/cynic and recently, enthusiast, rolled into one. More than anything else, as I witness this "revolution" I become a *humanist*. Here's just some random thoughts on the subject.

THEY MUSTA TIMED THIS: Come on, you can't tell me that some people at NASA and MacIntosh weren't up at midnight on New Years Eve 1995 with a stop watch and were like "on your mark, get set GO! Systematically bombard America with computer hype and games and commercials." Computers, and more specifically the Internet, are descending on us uncannily just as we take the half-decade run to the fabled year 2000. I can't believe this is just some accident. What better way to suck humanity in (i.e. turn us into willing and blind consumers) than to make sci-fi predictions come true just on-time and have us singing along to Prince in five years as we all celebrate the new millennium alone in our vacuum-lock chambers on some universal IRC as the ball drops, uh... I can't wait.

THE WORK DAY DON'T COUNT TIL THAT BABY IS HUMMING. Even if your job requires little work on the computer, the work day does not feel official until the computer is turned on, like it pumps some crucial energy into the room, validates the whole operation. At a job this summer, our computer wasn't even on-line. It existed to keep track of a mailing list and to do some word processing so we wouldn't be missed from some cyber community if we didn't get the mac fired up that day. One morning, I went to work extremely hung over-demolished and woozy. I could barely get it together to turn the machine on, but once I did, I just vegged out next to it; the slight glare of the monitor, the buzz of the disc drive. I just sat there near it and somehow felt safer, or like there was...company. No program running. No interactive feature. Just the electricity active in the machine, my headache, and the Hudson River out the window. I tried to imagine what it would feel like to go to work and not turn the computer on. It was a mind bender. You try it.

LEARN FOR YOURSELVES As much as some of us might disdain the whole internet onslaught, I advise you to swallow some of your primitive pride and learn some basics for yourself. Getting around the net, and computers, are a social responsibility we must all take up if we don't want to be taken advantage of. This country will no longer be divided between just the have and have-nots, but the computer literates and the rest of us Windows-dependent people who won't be able to glide through cyberspace with a color-coded mouse. Learn basic terminology- how systems are set up- how your modem works. If you invest part of your life in there, learn how to take care of it. A whole class of expert troubleshooters will arise that us losers will be dependent on unless we take some responsibility for ourselves.

ONE LAST THING I recently watched the tail end of some PBS profile of a woman whose name I could not catch. But she said something simple that made me think, akin to "in the last few years, we have progressed technologically, but not necessarily as humans." It was good to see someone separate the two. We are more than the sum of our cd roms and laser printers. And especially in a REAL world where prejudice and sexism still operate in full force, lets not be so quick to transfer to a place where gender and race are invisible if people so choose. That may sound ideal, but it seems to me a whole stage of development is being skipped over. We can't make this switch from patriarchal society to colorless sexless society of the internet democracy. Its a premature and dangerous jump that really only qualifies under virtual reality.



Mandatory Reading for cyberphobes:
Resisting the Virtual Life:
the Culture and Politics of Information
Edited by James Brook and Iain A. Boal (City Lights, 1995)

Look for your zine and new ones in this mess. We meant well.

the dissonant accost #8. A quarter-size zine that is an enriching read from cover to cover. Lakisha is honest about her skepticism about going to school and how it cramps her show-going style. Two great interviews with teachers; her current english professor and a 23 yr old high school teacher who is also in a punk band. Lists of favorite things and much-needed coverage of the new york show scene. 328 greene avenue, brooklyn, ny 11238. **sourpuss #6.** I like this zine a lot. there's not tons of writing in it, but its like an endearing angry keepsake. Sara writes on of the most honest and on-the-mark reflections on being a young feminist now called "Got so much clit...she don't need no balls." She also asks the important question, "Are you a Poseur?" c/o Baealicious Sara, 330 Ophelia St., Pgh, PA **Pinkus Blank #1** Girl lo-fi ziney, full of gingham and half-visible hello kitty stickers- it warms my heart just to catch it out of the corner of my eye. Most of the text is cut line by line and taped over collage type layouts, hence the classic zine look which is welcome here at anal retentive layout headquarters. Lots of important girl contraception info and self-defense techniques. Dawn 3171 SW 19th St, Plantation, FL 33317. **Riot** The inside cover page reads "pages of Queer boy Rage, thoughts and dirty pictures." This zine is amazing. Sparse texts. Post mod graphics. Slogans and snippets of phrases. Inserts of miniature zines about anarchist organizations and abuse of women. Such a unique aout and presentation, it verges on book art. Unfortunately, I feel a little like i am mass consuming riot theory for the sake of some pretty pictures, but while i am morally torn, order this! also: cars suck, what is a drifter, Temporary Autonomous Zone, p.o. box 80084 MPLS MN 55408. **2\$ sprag #5** adore this zine. amazing lyout with simple articles on the romanticism and revolution of everyday life. its elusive. hard to figure it out. but the pictures are an amazing reprint quality- old bustling streets and trains. i'd almost call it ethereal. its gutsy to do a zine that doesn't ram stuff down your throat, but trusts that you'll take the time to look. mickey m. po box 1585 arlington va 22210-0885 **Point 5 #8** the zine of my kindred spirit. it has traveled with me through the northeast. been stored away under my pillow. this embodies what i think "zine" in a writing sense exists for. Articles that are framed in unique ways that are re-readable and insightful and funny. michele and josh handwrite this whole thing in this great print that they should sell to macintosh for a font model. it is also spattered with josh's amazing comics. stories of first kisses, erin smith interview, Love Your Town, Mucho Macho fashion, Sum of My Morals which deal with the question of respect for artists whose work you admire but whose lifestyle offends. its one of those zines you think you've read entirely and then you happily discover ten more articles. Gender 103 Braeside Dr Falmouth, MA 02540 **No Room for Squares #11** laughed outloud reading this for the first time on the LIRR. Anyone who takes the time to explain that bad boys bi-level haircit which is at times called the neckwarmer or the mudflap or mullet is vying for my respect. I like this guy's ardent punk sensibilities and its funny as all hell. :1,2,3,4...Who's Punk, Whats the Score," "Fuck Denny", "Kung Fu Dancing," reviews.Recluse Productions, 5537 Old Ranch Rd., Sarasota FL 34241 **For Paper Airplane Pilots #5** Super, thorough and thoughtful indie-pop coverage that more than anything reveals a heart that truly loves that 7" of vinyl. this issue features interviews with Ivy and Butterglory and others I can't remember right now cause erik stole my copy.(fpap is coveted by all) but even better is the FUN that happens in these pages like "Chuckfactor", a take on you know what which visually evokes the original to a tee, but is a paean to all things Peanuts. Also a music-free discussion with lou barlow on the demise of my so called life. and this issue contains perhaps the funniest zine bit i have EVER READ entitled "Make Hulk Mad." i have it memorized and chant it to myself in times of trouble and despair. you can too. write to Trey and Rob at po box 12011 gainesville fl 32604. **\$2Salty and Delicious #4** The down under fanzine that bubbles with charm and good handwriting. Richard Salty and Guy Delicious interview an impressive line-up of indie pop acts, both local and non-australian. Their enthusiasm for music is infectious and uplifting. Issue number four sports one of the most ambiguous and amusing drawings I've seen on a zine cover. I've probably spent at least one cumulative hour studying it and chuckling. PO Box 150, Northbridge, W.A. 6003 Australia **grit#3** fran and her co-zinesters give long island grrrls a great name. interviews with excuse 17, melting hopefuis, girley men. thoughtful and funny pieces on making america a better place by abolishing junior high school, how crushes enrich your life, and a new lifestyle called "schm" as in "Cupsie, Shrnupsize!" Also, a revealing piece about how uncool the swirly drummer was at a recent show at Maxwells.\$2. 238 Bayview Ave. Merrick NY 11566-4777 **fuel #10** a literary zine with a great layout that totally enhances the reading experience. and this thing has some good stuff. especially liked the poem "Central" by Amy B. Draeger. poetry and fiction. get it. don't fear the lit zine. \$3 ms. andy lowry P.O. Box 146640 Chicago, IL 60614 **Caught in Flux#4** Interviews with Bunygrunt, Jen Smith about the now-disbanded Rastro!, and an amazing interview with Paloma McLardy ("Palmolive") about her days in the Slits and Raincoats and her life now performing at her church coffee house and her dedication to her religion. The music coverage is great, with lots of record and show reviews, but I always go for the human-interest essay, and "High School Tonight: True Stories of Graduations and Reunions" is sad but sweet and got me thinking in all different directions. \$2.50 Mike Applestein,P.O. Box 7088 New York, NY 10116-7088 **Hormone Frenzy, issue #3**, This is the classic smart queer boy zine from across the way in Cambridge, England, or as Mark put it, HF is a les/bi/gay recruitment manual. My favorite line is "Actually I have 100% straight genes but choose to be queer because it's more fun. (which probably explains why I'm such a crap dancer)." Super good and funny real life comix, commentary on mainstream gay drivl, conflicted feelings about straight people trying to represent queer life, an intelligent meditation on the notion of pomosexuality (defined by WIRED magazine as someone who says they're bisexual but wouldn't have a same-sex relationship, pomo as in postmodern, ironically hip, a smartypants...), and a generally friendly queer and bipoisitive vibe. Send for HF today....50p/\$2/trade to PO Box 361, Cambridge, ENGLAND CB12BZ **Marcia Clark's Hair, Summer 95, #1**, This zine has an amazing story in it called Kiwi Panic. It captures the impatience and paranoia of heightened anxious states. I was going through a rough month and I started to read the story on the subway and I buried my nose in the zine in my seat and through the streets until I got home. Write away for this zine if you feel like you are losing your mind and would like some company. One dollar to Analise, 38 Don Jose Loop, Santa Fe, NM 87505. email: poncetti@aol.com **Exit Seraphim, #1, March 1995**, being engaged!, comix about Lori's grandfather who isn't happy about her marrying a Japanese man, conflicted feelings about weight and the impossibility of diet and exercise. Send a trade to Lori Crawford, Honda 2-1-7, Takefu-shi, Fukui-ken 915 JAPAN **Yawp#10** johanna writes a very personal that includes pieces on why tampons suck, how boys are favored and encouraged over girls in schools from the earliest grades, and why she dislikes sororities and fraternities. She has really honest words on struggling to be a feminist and dealing with self-esteem issues and funny stuff like "The Kewlness of Sarah" about how there seem to be so many sarah's in the zine world. Write to her and get Yawp- she's looking to make some riot grrrl connections in the dallas area, so if you can help her out, get in touch. (#11 is out now) \$1.50 or trade box 75273 dallas TX 75275-2723. **Manifixation#1** Wow! Go Sarah! I am really impressed with the writing in this zine. Her description of her temp job at Panasonic is filled with excruciating but amazing detail and wit. She describes the soap opera she has going on in her mind with a fully developed cast of characters, her search for the beautiful, and the suckiness of labeling, especially when it applies to sexuality. \$1, some stamps, or trades. c/o Sarra Jaffe 1123 magnolia Rd. Teaneck, NJ 07666 **On and On #1** is filled with poignant and totally timely teen angst(creatix Dani is 14) She complains about her "bedroom" suburban community, lists cool things, including "going really far back in your family tree." Also "Dani's Angst Page(or my travels through the halls of self-pity)"- Some fiction and poetry. 4195 Chino Hills CA 91709 email dani1390@aol.com.

Cupsized
PO Box 4326
Stony Brook, NY
11790-4326

"Let us go to the circus."

No. He could not say it right.

He could not feel it right.

What was wrong with him then?

she wondered.

please send to:

She liked him warmly,

at the moment.

--v. woolf. to the lighthouse.

... a hand in things to come

Unlocking the secrets of the universe